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empirical preparations, whose of ingredients are concealed, will on the admitted to the Exposition."

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lal conton and Chicago Sapress 12 20 a. m. leburne and Kanana City Express 2.17 a. m.

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Myrtle Lodge No 7, K. of P., meets over Thursday might at 7 m., Half expecute our botton. Court street. Visiting Kuights en-thally hystrest.

J. T. HOWETH, K. H. A. S.

Archivers Lodge No. 31, A.F. and A. M. nosts in their half on south Caddo scient. The fart Saturday at 21 in . act month, on or neoccide fall mon.

11. D. Flow, Worndupfal Master.

A. B. Shriman, Secretary.

Ardinore Chapter, N. 11, Royal 'reh Ma-saas, meet in keelt all ever Whittington's ture the fourth Thursday electric even month G. H. Bucker, High Priest. A. B. Stillians, Scoretary.

Ardmore Camp No. 27. Woodings of the World masts in their ferest at Widdington that every second and fourth Monday rights a case mouth. Visiting sovereigns invited to 411-815. T. C. B. Keynerer, consul commander.

## CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Courstian Corone Frensley Street. Services every Lord's day at 11 of a. m. and 8 1. b. m. Sunday School. 9 39 3, m. Prayed Secting every Wednesday, 8 15 p. m. Chols tractice every Friday evening, 8 15 p. m. Chols addise ald Social; every three by silvens of the p. m. allow ald Social; every three by silventa for a contract, p. m. Mite and Social custing every thready all Section at the contract of the Lord's day to make month. All are cordially native at a services, I. R. Mason, Superintendent and at Services, I. R. Mason, Superintendent and School; Volmy Johnson, Pastor.

First Barrist Church-Brondway Street, Services every Sunday at 11 to a. m. and 8 to b, in Proper meeting Wednesday evenings at Sa'clork, Sunday School at be am. Chur practice Friday evening at 8 o'clock to Sturbid-field, Pastor. G. H. Bruce, Clerk, C. Bill, Superintendent.



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PAPERS FOR SALE

NAN AND NATURE.

The mountains, and the forests, and the near Occurs or securities, with puthetic tone, Lave such a many of marks, all their own

Layers dated to mean to the s.
S. I. moder, the content of the reservest.
Then we calculate the beat model for mild.
Then displant of the filter is the mild.
Then displant of the filter is the filter mild.
Then displant of the filter is the filter in the

The recks are rent. Then, on t amutent roar,

Assertingly we simil, we full upon our lines. Ye mountains, and ye forests, and ye sens! The mountains, and the forests, and the sease. Have each their music, with our mortal lot in sympathy, to scotline, cash, appeared. And man, too, has his array, has a note of warter the sweetness, to me a revertes.

The yourse once heard in Edon. And the ear,

in a great cart before a king of hings, de elects, and of the ture by an a cheer shales the high roof, but when the Lord of

Especies there is seen and effecte in the hell.

—A. G. B. in Speciator

HEAVENS OF THE HINDOOS.

The Four Degrees of blies to Which the Departed spirite Passe

The Jews believe in a plurality of heavens, and so do the Hindoos, the former reckening seven, the latter but four. These four special abodes of the ri, hooms after death each has its name. God;" the taird, Sarobam, "God's image," and the fourth, Sayutcheyam, which signifies "to be alsorbed in him." 'the taird, Sarobam, "God's im-

To Sara-loga, the first degree of bliss, go the souls of all of those who have ever made a plagrimage to a haly place or who have paid for the temple lights for one month. In Sara-loga there is great happiness and no work or sickness. The immate is allowed to read the five sacred books, drink ambrosia and hear the hours sing.

To Sameeba go the spirits of all Reertkarar, or workers in the Brahman cause; also those who forego the comforts of this life, such as sleeping in a recumbent position, eating sufficiently, etc. Their happiness consists chiefly of continually praising God.

To Sorobam, the third beaven, go the souls of such as never spoil God's model by shaving or paring the nails. These are the Brahman Yegis. They wander about the earth, always going from left to right. They eat nothing but nansoons food and live in a constant state of abstruction on divine subjects.

The fourth heaven, Sayntcheyam, is the coming abode of the "nyane," or philosophers. These uyane pay no attention to heat or cold, never bathe and often go for weeks without food. If they are sick, no one knows it but themselves. They are the stoics of the world of to by and believe that in Savutcheyam they will eventually be absorbed in the Drity.-St. Louis Republic,

## Trials of a Fireman.

"The public sometimes makes me very tired," remarks I a fireman a day or two ago. "How's that? What kick have you coming about the dear pub-"Why, it never takes into nocount that we have to work. It scens to have a gift edged idea that we sit around the front of the engine home in our shift sleeves and smoke and tell storice, occasionally getting up and going out to a fire by way of general amusement. I have known it entertained this idea for some time, but I was never called on to untaugle it as I was today, when a city official-a city official, mind you-passed our hease, and getting into conversation with a few of us asked in his blandest and most guilewe did day or night duty. It gave me the most supreme satisfaction to inform the gentleman that we worked day, night-all the time-Sundays, Christmas, Fourth of July and St. Patrick's day. He even seemed surprised to know that we slept in the house.

same question, and the other night a brilliant citizen sailed into the house and capered up stairs like a load of bricks falling on a tin roof. One of the boys told him to keep quiet or he'd wake the men. 'Why, does anybody sleep here?' he asked in the most cheerfully idiotic way. 'Does anybody sleep here?' We people grow very weary of being compared to the police force about having work to do. There's only one out of every 400 that knows what a fireman's work is anyway."—Obio State Journal.

## The Eskimo and the Walrus.

To the E-kimo the walrus is the same all in all that the buffalo was to the Indian, that the camel is to the Arab and the reindeer to the Korak. Its flesh feeds him. Its tough hide covers his boots, his shell-like kayak and his big, clumsy bidarrah, and cut into steics it makes his harpoon lines and dog harness. Its oil furnishes him light and fire. Its ivory tusks are legal tender for all sorts of civilized luxuries, such as iron and steel for spearheads, knives and even guns. Certain tissues make good mackintoshes for Mr. and Mrs. Innuit, and the flipper bottoms of the walrus make good sole leather for the hunter also. -St. Nicholas.

## Tennyson and Pictures.

The late Lord Tennyson was not credted with much admiration for pictorial art. Lord John Russell met aim on his return from Italy and asked how he enjoyed the pictures and works of art in Fiorence. "I liked them very much." said Tennyson, "but I was bothered be cause I could not get any English tobacco for love or money. A ludy told me I could snuggle some from an Englisa ship if I heavily bribed the custom house officers, but I didn't do that and came away."—San Francisco Argonaut.

The house of the late Charles O'Conor, at Nantucket, should possess espeinterest for women on account of its being without closets. The architect was a young relative of Mr. O'Coner, and the isome was finished before either

## THE GIRL IN WHITE.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF LIZ-ZIE CLARK TWENTY YEARS AGO.

The Tragedy of a Little Ittinois Town. Murder or Suitside-The Chost That Is Seen by Blatters and Giver Mon-It Is Always Arrayed to a White Goven.

Fully 20 years have passed since Lizzie Chark, an orphan with a heritage, disappeared from a hotel in Dallas City, Ills., as completely as if the earth had swallowed her up. In all that western country there has never been a stranger Of warranged wavetness, is now revertes.

Dispers of turned things universely,

Registers to the fluctuation back somethings they have and there has never been a greater ghost by the evidently disembodied spirit of the girl.

The story of Lizzie Clark has been county history. She was an orphan and had some property and money. A guard-ian had been appointed, and Lizzie, being ambitious to add to her little store, set about to work in a hotel hard by the river's edge. Through the dining room of this hotel runs the line between Hancock and Henderson counties that often a guest reached from Hancock into Henderson county when after butter. A country swain and his lives, if scated opposite each other at this board, are in different counties. Many a man wanted for some offense in Hancock county has sat at this table in Hen-The first is called Sara-loga, "God's cock county has sat at this table in Hen-world;" the second, Samesea, "Near to of Hancock county.

It was one afternoon about 20 years ago that Lizzie Clark, who had been washing dishes in the kitchen, stepped out into the yard of the hotel. She was seen to leave the kitchen by several working around the house, who paid ro attention to the girl, but that was the last ever seen of her. Those who saw her step out into the yard heard no seream, no stiffed mean, no struggling, but there are people yet living who be lieve that the girl was suddenly seized. strangled, concented in the house until dark and then cast into the dark river. Be that as it may, the murderers, if they remained to the same locality long, have been amply t smented since.

It is said that the murderers did not leave the b cality for some time thereafter, and et, agair, others say the girl was no er murdored, but drowned herself, am. that her ghost is not one of a murdered person's, but one of a suielde. All the can gain from the different stories and theories is that the girl garden. was dealt with foully in some manner, and that her ghost still haunts the locality. Of course every effort was made to ferret out the mystery. Detectives bunted high and low, money was spent to no purpose, and finally the guardian of the girl's estate turned her money and property over to the county authorities, in whose hand it remains to this day because there is no kith or kin to

The girl's ghost was first seen in December, 1887, when a party of duck hunters were returning to Dallas City. from the islands. An excursion steamer had become disabled late in the season and was lying on the bank of the island across the bay. She was in a rather bad fix. It was expected to have her there during the winter. As the bunters neared the craft a form in white was seen to run out upon the upper deck. It was a young girl's figure, and she was evidently being pursued, for from across the water came screams, and then the following words: "Leave nie alone, leave me alone, or I will drown my self!" With that the specter flung itself into the river. There was a splush, and the cold waters closed over the white body. Several times during that winter. He Can Bay the Dake of Devendere's Town the phost of Liggie Clock was a night and at early carelle light around the disabled steamer. When the steamer was taken away the next spring, workmen and steamboatmen heard pitiful house in Piccadilly so as to prevent his screams from the willows on shore as the boat moved away. The spirit did order to meet the demand for payment T've had a dozen others ask me the not leave the island, and it is believed now that she was baried on the island after the murder.

Of later years, however, the girl's ghost has been seen in a shiff at night, and it was only a few evenings ago that one of the St. Louis and St. Paul fast steamers ran into the spectral thing. The pilot did not see the ghostly craft until too late. He says he saw a bout of white that looked more like floating fleece than anything else. In the boat was a young girl in white raiment, but there were blood clots on the white dress. "She was rowing swiftly. When the prow of the steamer struck this fruil craft, it cut through it like mist. The ghostly occupant only laughed a sort of uneanny laugh-a half sermin-and when we had passed I saw the spectral craft dancing on the waves behind. I doubt if an ordinary skiff could have lived in the waves of our steamer, right under the paidles." Thus spoke the pilot, and he is a man of few words and sterling integrity.

"Have you seen Lizzie Clark's boat?" is now the question that goes from one mouth to snother during the summer season. The question is not asked so often in winter from the fact that the poor girl's spirit does not seem to roam so much. Hunters have come into Dallas shaking with fright and calling for a dram to brace their nerves, saying that while coming down from the islands above on the ice they had met Lizzie Clark walking rapidly toward them. She always wears that white dress, and the blood stains on the neck are plain. The girl's eyes are always staring wide open, as if she were being suffocated. Her spirit has been known to step out from behind a clump of dead trees at the head of the island and face passers-She will give them a terrible look and then scream pitcously. In an instant more the spirit bas disappeared. -Chicago Times.

Youth (tremblingly)-I-I-I have come to you, sir, for the hand of your daughter.

Father (briefly)-Which hand?-Detroit Free Press.

THE VON SALOMON TRAGEDY.

Recalling Statements Made by the Unfortunsie Cirl's Pather Prior to Her Death.

The kernest interest continues to be manifested throughout Europe in the strange fate of Etta von Salomon, who died in a hypustic or clairvoyant trance near Vienna three weeks ago. Franz Neukonou, who conducted the experifacts which ended so tragically, is a well known engineer of Werschetz, Hungary. His special calling is boring artesian wells, and he has won the gratitude of the population of many districts in which, before his time, there was not a drop of pure water to be had. He has never failed to find water.

Herr you Salamon, the father of the dead girl, is one of the great landed proprietors of Hungary. A few months ago Herr von Salomon wrote an account some of Neukomm's experiments with his daughter and others. He said in that pricle:

"Having plunged them into a hyp-notic sleep, he caused them to forget their mother tongue. At his command they were unable to count more than three or raise up a teaspoon from the table. He put them back into the fifth year of their lives, from the fifth to the eighth year, the twelfth year, and so en. He spelled, wrote and read with them as with children, and they conducted themselves after the manner of children of the ages suggested. Neukeamm pressed a cold hairpin on my daughter's left hand and produced a large burn. It is remarkable that these hypnotic experiments were productive the best effects on the health of the

"The most exciting episode of all was the following: My daughter, while in a hypnotic trance, suddenly uttered a cry and then began to speak as follows: 'It is now a quarter to 8 o'clock. A thief has slipped into our dining room. He lyss just placed himself before the chest in which the silver is kept so that he cannot be seen through the window. He is putting things in his pocket -the sagar bowl, with the flower on the Hd; the coffeepot, the salteeliar. He is gone into the drawing room. Now he is in my room. He hears a noise. He is creeping under the table. Now he is under the sofa." Then she described his flight. She told of the pause he made before leaving the house in order to examine the stelen objects. How he hid himself in the gorden, returned and then buried the silver vessels in the

"The entire company was greatly excited on hearing this narrative. were not then in the castle, but at Mandok, and without delay we set out along with Neukomm for the castle at Tuszir. The articles enumerated by my daughter were gone, and we found them in the place she described.

'On a subsequent occasion we were desirous of learning the name of the thief, but my daughter replied that nothing must be done to render the man miserable. We promised not to lodge any information against him, but to our a surances she made raply that the soul trusts not human promises, but does what it doesns right. We who witne-so-lall these things are under great obligations to Herr Neubocom. He cansed pure sources of water to spring up where form rly there was none to drink; but, more than that, he has shown us that the divine spork exists within us, of the immortality of which we are all convinced today."

Herr von Salomen has made no statement since the death of his daughter. -

## A CHANCE FOR GEORGIE.

Here is a great chance for the Gon'd or the Vanderbilt millionaire. The Dake of D voushire is to sell his town successor being place I in a dilemma in of death rates, which will be difficult for him to face. The duke asks the bagatelle of "£750,000" for his house, a mere trifle considering how ready an Astor was to buy Cliveden that cost as much again.

It will been awful pity to let such a chance slip by you, Georgie. Go in and buy Devenshire House and one of the But this death rates business in England is playing the dence with rich men's property, and the Duke of Devonshire shows more consideration for his successor than the former duke showed for him in consenting to part with such n big portion of his estate. Had not the present duke married the Duchess of Manchester his patrimony would not have suffer d, and renowned Devonshire House would still continue to be the center of attraction for the political party of which he is a shining light. - Bos-

## The Bicycle Tread.

Have you noticed the latest walk that the society girl is assuming? I was standing at the corner of Fourth and Market yesterday when about a dozen young women passed, and every one of them had the same style of walk. I do not think it is anything like those that have heretofore gone the gaits after the girls have returned from the eastern resorts. This one is a stride made as if the girl was trying to keep her pointed shoes from catching into her skirt flonness. It is a slipshod walk and makes one feel as if the walker were wishing she were back on her bicycle. Yes, it's the bicycle tread now, the vaccination limp and Newport step having gone completely out.-Louisville Courier Jour-

## Veterans Versus Dudes.

The present excitement at Togus is the thatching of the vaterans with new black slouch hats. A cargo has just arrived from Philadelphia, and all who have not had a new hat for two years are allowed to draw. One old vectran asks pathetically, "What would the asks pathetically, "What would the young dudes of Maine say if they were chliged to make a hat last fer swq years?"—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.